SHIRLEY DARE'S TALK

SUFFERING FROM POOR LIVING.

Malaria in the Dwelling and Sleeping Rooms a Constant Source of Evil-Meat Necessary for Health.

(Copyrighted by Shirley Dare, 1895.) A correspondent writes from a quarter of sort, in the following frank language

"Circumstances have stranded me in this God forsaken country, I trust only for a girl graduates, who, having complexions and slight figures, firmly believe in the only knew what beauty and spirit they might carry far, far into life's latest season, alive to-day belies herself and her subject in her loveliest, latest lyric:

And never twice in the year comes June, and age is the echo of songs once sung, she can retain the power of love and charming as long as she has the slightest care for it. If she does not, it argues inty of fortune or of opportunity, esh air and careful food make so much ifference after all, or that physical neglect means physical falling away and final loss.
At the gate of beauty, as of all excellence, it is written on the left hand, "They could not enter in because of unbelief."

THIN-SKINNED UGLINESS. It is funny how the ugliest possible women bristle up at the insinuation, most delicately studied and skilfully veiled, that their appearance might be improved ever so little. If you want proof of the assertion, dare to approach me next woman, with hairs on her nose, and, to sound her on the subject of having those charms relieved by the readiest process. She will explode in your face, "Thank you, she is well enough satisfied with her face as it is, and if you don't like it you can dislike it. Her friends find her good looking enough;" which proves how skilfully friends can conceal their firmest sentiments. It is a merciful provision of nature, perhaps, that a woman with the least misgiving as to her first and only place in the esteem of her family and friends, and it would strike her as most unmight think as highly of her and, perhaps, more warmly if she were free from those been pretty who feel their least shades of defect most keenly, and are ready to take any means to restore their lost bloom. For the tarnishing of complexion and ding of rose bloom, which might last nto the frosts of later days, vitiated air responsible more than any other cause.
en eat the same food more or less acptable that women do, but they have
ore fresh air, hence they keep their
eshness of complexion and clearness of eye years beyond the date when their wives nd sisters shrivel and turn yellow, Womtain this pure air anyhow, to preserve eir youth. A hundred minute cares go to of foul air always open, bringing the worst ir constantly into living and sleeping

and closing it with a large rubber er of the sort used for carboys of strong acids. These rubber stoppers cost perhaps 10 cents apiece, and a stiff wire fifteen inches long, fixed in the top, forms a handle to lift the plug when slops are poured down. It is some small trouble, and Bridget grumbled at first over it, but when earned that it was to save her health e lightness and freshness of the air of en and laundry is felt by the dullest bry maid. Food and milk keep fresh ger in the pantry, no longer contaminat-by air from the cesspool piped into the it room. You may scald your rinks and the pipes daily, but they can never anything but carriers of offence so long matter and wastes remain capable of wash basins and bathtubs is to keep the ers in the bowls and clean water tanding over them when not in use, no waste water to be left in them, but empled and rinsed at once. The safety vents in the increased refreshment after ep. The dread of sewer gas is no whim ultra-fastidious person, but a real, iful menace which unsuspected, has en slaving its thousands by slowly con-cted disease, and has wasted the freshas of ten thousands. The domestic patrol es to the sinks and bath tubs the last ng every night, and the stoppers are allowed to stand with dirty suds in them. An ill-kept laundry will give an entire house typhoid fever. Ill-kept bed rooms give their inmates malarial disease, even

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if the purest winds play without the house. Women who board in town or country carry the rubber slop covers with them, which are noiseless, clean and indispensable. There is reason for speaking of this matter almost universally neglected in summer hotels and boarding houses of

npers and bags of soiled linen A deodorizer and disinfectant in neglects than any one dreams, and Next to their enervation from want of say for want of clean and eatable food, but for want of nutrition enough to carry on the work of life and resist the influences

which hurry forward age and decay. MISTAKES IN DIET. prise themselves in shopping and paying ter, and very likely cuts off meat the first thing from her meager fare. Nervous and run-down women who use their brains taurants cannot command such food as is meal. Of course, the woman who has been starving herself for years is aghast at the idea, which to her savors of gross overfeeding. Two generations of women before her have been sapping the vitality of their descendants by the same foolish sentiment and the idea that meat is too strengthening, and the neurotic woman of to-day pays the penalty. Her hollow eyes and cheeks and the fine wrinkles of her skin, the sunken chest and whitening hair betray her low vitality. Food supplies force; fresh animal food supplies nerve force as nothing else is able to do. To eat heartily of meat, with the usual mixed fare of vege-

tions of meat, cereal and the acid of fruits. physician examines and judges the steak or chop; the bread and flour pass under his anxious scrutiny, also the salad herbs and the quality of the oranges or lemons used. No scraggy, ill trimmed, tough or gristly steak will be tolerated—no "tolerable" food, indeed, will pass. It must be excellent to build up the wasted woman. Judging from sorry experience, not one person in a hundred has the slightest judgment what is fit food for one out of health. And the woman who is faded is very far out of health, though in a saying stage. though in a saving stage. SUFFICIENCY OF FOOD.

It is not easy for run down people to secure this. In sleeping rooms, and all over the house, one important precaution begins to impress itself on sanitary observers—the necessity of keeping all sinks and wastepipes closed when not in use. It is an oversight which has been fatal in countant oversight which has been fata seasoning and fine table sauces are enunknown instances to leave these ducts | not eat," as to say "I don't feel sleepy nights any more, so I will not go to bed at

sleep revisits the restless pillow, and the mind which seemed to exist in fragments knits itself together and ideas take new force and coherency, when effort is no longer prostration, one grows very thankful for the brown beafsteak which brings the change. If further conviction is needed, it comes when this diet is interrupted for a day or two just as one begins to feel transport. it comes when this diet is interrupted for a day or two, just as one begins to feel its benefit, and one immediately goes back to the old conditions of shaky hands and shakier heart beats, broken sleep, and body and mind only sensible of strain and fatigue. This state of things is brought on by mental and bodily strain plus imperfect food and bad air. Feed nerve and lungs with their appropriate rights of fresh animal food and clean, fresh air, and our poor humanity can bear its portion of grief and struggle without breaking down, without losing its grip on life, and it will not age outwardly before its time, which is past three score and ten. After the age of seventy-five we do not mind having silken gray hair and some decent wrinkles.

BEEFSTEAKS AND CHOPS.

BEEFSTEAKS AND CHOPS. But if a woman will live in close rooms and consider her carpets and curtains more than her complexion, and sleep behind wire are sealed by merely laying a piece of wet paper over them, which achieres for hours. These slight precautions ought to be taken in every sleeping room at night if not by day, and their effect will soon be toast and coffee and not care for beeftoast and coffee and not care for beefsteak or generous chops.

At lunch she is satisfied with a croquette or some little made dish, which affords an ounce or half an ounce of nerve food, instead of the three ounces or more, which is nature's due. Dinner is not much better, with its thin slice of chicken or roast, which weighs, possibly, one-third the proper allowance, and neither califlower in cream or shrimp salad, or strawberry pudding, which she dotes on, will take the place of those ounces of concentrated nerve supply the road mosts. Then it falls out that she in red meats. Then it falls out that she wonders why her hair loses color, and her skin falls into fine wrinkles, and neuralgia and nervous prostration mark her for their and nervous prostration mark her for their prey. Milk will not take the place of meat, neither will eggs, though you eat a nestful. If you undertake to live on vegetable food it takes four times as much in bulk to afford the same nutrition as fresh meat and cheese dishes, which the dietarians kindly commend for nutriment, will shortly bring a houseliving woman or man to tumors and sarcomas working such putrefactive change in the blood as cheese itself acquires in

The world is learning faster nowadays— at least its medical men are getting hold of the clew to sad disorders which have wrecked generations, and what they say to each other in the medical societies is fit to be known by the laity, especially by women, who have the health of households in their hands. Insufficiently fed families send out the epileptic and neurotic degenerates who are no benefit to themselves or the world they trouble. As I write, the city is gay with red and white Endeavor flags, as if borders of Lady Washington geraniums had broken into sudden bloom along street. The huge convention will lecture and exhort over ways of redeeming men and women from evil, utterly ignoring the fact that at present the soul is only to be reached through the body. Those bodies will continue to be bilious and bigoted, costive and cranky, unsound and insane. Paul may preach and Apollos water and

sit at its feet, as suits them, but the world the enamel of professed amiability and de

conventions to tell what they know con resistance to evil. Pietists have gone just as far as they can go without this sort of knowledge. They can meet and discuss ways to interest and improve the world till the Jews come home, and they will not advance one real step further until they real takes - Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, olscopal-reaches into the houses, cellars and veins or men. They must give sanitary law and hygienic facts the same searchin and sacred regard they have given, or half given, to one segment of the circle only, i the name of temperance. You cannot make so long as they are ill-nourished and bound up, as the old doctors say. You canno have them cheerful and generous when they courageous, unselfish natures with the lim those who undereat. Conventions of them, fifty thousand strong, will not accomplis ndredth part as much as a dozen healthy, energetic souls have done from the time of the fishers of Galilee down. The reports of what these large societies acwhen it is divided by the number of per-sons and the actual time and effort in-THE BOARDING HOUSE.

harder and costlier to do without them. I/hear of a man not by any means rich who paid \$250 fee for a single visit from a one visit from a good surgeon to tell him well-ventilated house and cellar, sound bread and plenty of good beef twice a both these men from knowing a sick day. fit for much less than \$10 a week table set up a private frying pan and gas stove, when, if one has the right sort of butcher, plenty of good cuts of beefsteak can be accomplished at 12½ cents a pound, provided one knows how to cook it. One pays 50 cents in plain, good restaurants for steak which never cost as much, and which is every way satisfactory to support health and strength if you take enough of it. A good deal that is served as tenderloin can good deal that is served as tenderloin can be bought at good markets for 10 to 12 cents a pound, present prices. It is tender, savory, wholesome, and the average man or woman may be thankful to get it as a conscientious cook knows how to serve it. The complete edition of cosmetic lore will come out in seven volumes when published, and three of those will be cookery books. But I doubt the woman is yet born who will write them as they might be written. The high art of food begins with subsoil drainage and forestry, which cannot be considered in the limits of this paper. But if people knew how much better they might live than they do, under the same condilive than they do, under the same conditions and at the same expense, they would hold conventions and express themselves forcibly about it. SHIRLEY DARE. Answers to Women's Questions.

gain flesh, no matter where I go? My appetite is fairly good, and though my digestion is not perfect I obey the laws of health in every particular. The only thing that I That flooded in, and keen upon his sight know might have something to do with it Burned images of flame; and from the tree is my having a very great growth of heir is my having a very great growth of hair, which reaches to my knees. Would you recommend cutting it?" Very nervous people appear to have the most hair. My friend, if you should say you were a fairly Encompass half its sweetness. Could the virtuous woman, and, though your conscience was not perfect, you obeyed the laws of heaven in every particular, would you expect us to accept the first or the second part of your statement? If your appetite is not keen or your digestion good, you can't be quite perfect in hygiene, or else you have but lately begun to practice it and your obedience has not had time to declare its effects. Something is wrong with your nutrition or your flesh would be satisfactory, probably not plump, but with supple, delicately smooth contours of the finer type. I recommend you not to cut that magnificent suit of hair—fancy such a thankless flying in the face of nature. See that your table is supplied with sweet, well baked, light whole wheat bread, never less than two days old, with delicate cervirtuous woman, and, though your conair constantly into living and sleeping roms.

Infaction of air, food and drink by this hitherto unsuspected caue is frightful. The nervous person as if she was done the new tits in ologer safe to leave milk for children or sick persons in the standing wash basin to keep it cool, for fifteen minutes absorption of the air siven off by the waste vent will infect anything eatable or drink able with vile, often with deadly vapor. Cases multiply of diphtheria and grip, unsertingly traced to infection in this way, and, if solids are so infected, how mith roors is the air, that delicate, sensitive full with himbies pud-tected, how mith of the bath to be convinced of this. Unfoundedly innetents of the sir from the waste vent of the bath to be convinced of this. Unfoundedly innetents of the sir from the waste vent of the bath to be convinced of this. Unfoundedly innetents of the sir from the waste vent of the bath to be convinced of this. Unfoundedly innetents of the grip which has broken the forces of society lies from these sources, which repeat at close sand when the forces of society lies from these sources, which repeat at close sand when mot directly in use. It may seem impossible, but it can be done by the simplest means. For years the sink in my own home has been sealed against to the point where she goes without eating the title only not not satisfactory, probably not plump, but to the him the satisfactory, probably to the point where she goes without eating to the point where she goes without eating the thing the title in the strict of the price which seeks stranged the one of the him the stranged to the point where she goes without eating the title one of the strange and the probably in the face of the third which as the stranged to the point where she goes without eating the title one of the stranged to the point where she goes without eating the title in the supple death of the pr 2. "Is there a remedy for hairs growing in the nose?" Don't meddle with them further than to cut them with fine scissors close to the roots as fast as they grow. If not irritated they are discouraged in this mild

3. "I have several small, hard lumps growing on my head. Is there any way to cure them without cutting?" They can be scattered with lodine applied faithfully or by hot applications. Oil of cloves rubbed on nightly may subdue them.

Mrs. J. C.—"Please tell me how I can get rid of the small insects which infest books." A few drops of fir oil on the inner margins will keep them away.

2. My ankles and feet are always cold, the former with a feeling of deadness. How can I stimulate them to be comfortable? The ankles are distressing at night." Elec-The ankles are distressing at night." Elec-tricity is the best remedy. Or try very

Howells's Recollections.

I believed that my lines were cast i New York for good and all; and I renewed my relations with the literary friends I had made before going abroad. I often stopped, on my way uptown, at an apart-ment the Stoddards had in Lafayette Place, or near it; I saw Stedman, and reasoned high, to my heart's content, of literary things with them and him. With the winter Bayard Taylor came on from his home in Kennett and took an apartment in East Twelfth street and once apartment in East Twelfth street and once a week Mrs. Taylor and he received all their friends there, with a simple and charming hospitality. There was another house which we much resorted to—the house of James Lorrimer Graham, afterwards consul-general at Florence, where he died. I had made his acquaintance at Venice three years before, and I came in for my share of that love for literary men which all their perseverities could not extinguish in him. It was a veritable passion, which I used to think he could not have felt so deeply if he had been a literary man himself. There were delightful dinners at his house, where the wit of the dinners at his house, where the wit of the Stoddards shone, and Taylor beamed with Joyous good-fellowship and overflowed with invention; and Huntington, long Paris correspondent of the Tribune, humorously tried to talk himself into the resolution of spending the rest of his life in his own country. There was one evening when C. P. Cranch, always of a most pensive presence and aspect, sang the most killingpresence and aspect, sang the most killing-ly comic songs; and there was another evening when, after we all went into the library, something tragical happened. Ed-win Booth was of our number, a gentle, rather silent person in company, or with at least little social initiative, who, as his fate would, went up to the cast of a huge hand that lay upon one of the shelves. "Whose hand is this, Lorry?" he asked our host, as he took it up and turned it over in both his own hands. Graham feigned not to hear, and Booth asked again, "Whose hand is this?" Then there was nothing for Graham but to say, "It's Lincoln's hand," and the man for whom it meant such unspeakable things put it softly down with-

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OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

The Marshes. Pale shimmering skies, that lightly bear Fine filmy clouds that idly fare In lazy wavering wheresoe'er The faint, uncertain breezes go;

And even so In airy motion down below Tall wild rice, wild rice everywhere!

From out the marshy wilderness, With plumes and pennons numberless, In endless lines its armies press; The very river it besets And foils and frets

With leaves like little bayonets That catch the light and glint and gleam And glitter in the midmost stream; And so besieged and closed about, The captive waves lap in and out

Among the lacing stems and creep, Through flowered grasses and through

Translucent pools wherein they seem To drowse and dream In draughts of liquid light and steep In sunbeams till, too spent to stir, They sink into a golden sleep So held perpetual prisoner.

And over all there softly plays Through summer days, A marvel of pale violet haze That sheaths and wreaths and overlays The thousand swaying plumes that rise From all those silvery water-ways

Wherein the drowsy river lies Content to clasp the gracious skies That twinkle through its tangled maze And nestle in it lazywise.

And, now and then, a wild bird flies From hidden haunts among the reeds, Or, faintly heard, a bittern cries Across the tasseled water-weeds; Or, floating upward from the green Young willow wands, with sunny sheen On pearly breast and wings outspread A white crane journeys overhead.

For leagues on leagues no sign is there Of any snare For human toil nor grief nor care; The fields forebread lie otherwhere. -Only the wild rice, straight and tall, The wild rice waving over all.

July! who loves her not, sweet summer

Of all the joys that close attend her train Who hopes not for himself some may re-

At her advance the sun a welcome smiled Across the misty morning. And the mild Wind waked the sleepy birds whose glad Proclaimed again her coming o'er the

So loved is she, fair, sunny, summer child, Oft have I seen her standing midst the With hair as golden as the billowy grain,

That touched the noon-hot earth with light disdain To clear, quiet pool adown the dell, Wherein she gazed till evening shadows

Or following the butterfly with feet

Spencer, Ind. -Renos H. Richards. The Vanished Voice. A. M., Paris-"Why is it that I do not There stood a tree beside his boyhood's

He seemed part of the sunset and the sky.

-Richard Burton, in Harper's Magazine.

I watched him I love going from me
(Ah, would to God I had died);
And I prayed to the great All Father
To stay the turn of the tide.

And ever the waves rolled on; Till meadow and garden and hedgerows,

For I knew that my love was dying.
At the turn of the tide he must go,
The soul may not leave its dwelling
Till betwirt the ebb and the flow.

And the people who all flocked inland,
They called it a great spring tide;
And I listened, and joined in their sorrow,
But I knew in my heart that I lied! And/my love, as he watched the waters, Sighed wearily for his rest; Then I prayed once more to Our Father, For I saw that his will was best.

As the sea went slowly backward, The spirit of one who had died Was borne on the waste of waters, For the soul must go with the tide. -Florence Peacock, in London Academy.

(These verses are from an unfinished novel, and form the last poem written by the author before his death.) Your soul is in your tender eyes, Florine, You speak although your lips remain so

I feel the thoughts breathed in your sighs, Ween, The thoughts that bud and bloom, but

You say you must not love and tell me why; The world's conventions say it must not Yet know I, in your heart's depths you defy What the world thinks, and cherish love for me; You will not kiss me, nor upon your brow Let me seal fondness. No, not now-not But some time in the future you will place Your hand upon my cold and bloodless

And gazing on the semblance of a sleep, You'll bend and kiss my closed eyes, and -Harry J. Shellman, in Harper's Weekly.

Vesper Time at the Mission. Turmoil and care are done, peace reigns Cool shadows shroud the day's bright The mission bells proclaim the hour of

prayer,
And benediction falls upon my head.
The graceful pepper swings its beads of red,
And odor-laden breath pervades the air,
As when a censer filled with spices rare. The solemn priest swings o'er the holy distant mountain's amethystine hue, nious mingles with the

And sweetly blend in one the sky and And so the yearning soul with pulsing true, Responds to nature's tender touch of love, And lo! this mortal man is one with -C. J. S. Greer, in July Overland. Morning and Evening.

When the baby was born, At happy morn,
The world seemed new and sweet and true;
For all of life fresh beauty drew
When the baby was born.

When the baby died, At eventide. That has not graced them since the hour When the baby died. -Clara P. Peeler, in Home Queen.

Melancholy. With shadowy immortelles of memory About her brow, she sits with eyes that Upon the stream of Lethe wearily, In hesitant hands Death's partly opened

Australia has a population of less than 5,000,000, but economists declare it could support 100,000,000 with ease. As a means of showing how far the world is from be-

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The highest temperature of the world is recorded in the great desert of Africa, where the thermometer often marks 150 degrees Fahrenheit. BICYCLES, BASEBALL, ETC. The youth of our country have 451 col-leges from which to choose when they need an education; in these institutions there are 10,247 teachers and 140,053 students. The taking of the census in Japan is simple, but the figures are utterly unreliable. The houses are counted, and an average of five persons is allowed for each

CHAMBERLIN OF BOSTON.

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WEDSE ARM

The building of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, by Sir Christopher Wren, took thirty-seven years and the expense, £389,000, was defrayed by means of a duty on coal

The first coining of money is attributed to Pheldon, King of Argus, in the year 895 B. C. Coined money was first used in western Europe twenty-nine years before the opening of the Christian era. Crime is more common in single life than in married. In the former thirty-three in every 100,000 are guilty, while only eleven married men of the same number have gravely broken the laws. Abraham H. Cavender, of St. Paul, now nearly eighty years of age, is living on the exact spot where he settled forty-seven years ago, when there were only five American families in the place.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Take a new potato and grate it finely, and then use it instead of soap to wash with. The juice of the new potato raw, of course, contains some principle that acts quickly and beneficially on the skin. The first steamer which crossed the Atlantic was an American vessel-the Savannah, which arrived in Liverpool in the year 1819, direct from the United States in twenty-six days, partly sailing and partly

The dryest place in the world is that part of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile. Rain has never been known to fall there, and the inhabitants do not beleve travelers when told that water can

fall from the sky. Mr. J. W. Spencer, who has been examining the evidence that the West Indies were once part of a great continent, concludes that it existed, and that these islands were once connected with what is now the mainland of North Americas

The great temple in the City of Mexico was a stone structure of five stages or stories, 300 feet square at the base and 120 feet high. There were eight similar structures of almost equal size in the city, and nearly 2,000 much smaller.

The practice of boring the ears for rings is older than civilization. We no longer bore noses, but that is a parallel practice of all primitive peoples. In New South Wales the office of nose-borer was one of dignity, and it was hereditary,

There are many antiquities in America which were such at the coming of the whites—the monoliths of Copan and Palenque, the monuments on Lake Titicaca, in Bolivia, and those of Mansiche, in Peru, were all old at the time of the conquest. It is believed that ants really talk. To test the matter a scientist killed one. The eye-witnesses of the murder hastened away and laid their heads together with every ant they met, the result being that the latter immediately turned back and fled. Some farmer in Massachusetts returned to the census enumerator four bushels of flax seed as the yield of that State. New Jersey did four bushels better, raising in all eight bushels, while Arkansas claimed welve bushels and twenty-six pounds of

In 1837 drought and intensely hot weather prevailed in Southwest India. Over 800,000 persons perished from famine. Similar destruction was wrought from the same causes in 1865 and 1868, over two million persons perishing from hunger in the two

It is a common fact, but not generally remembered, that a cock will not crow unless he can throw back his head. If a cock is shut over night in a low coop, where he cannot stretch back his neck, there will be no crowing in the morning until the bird is released.

A new way of smuggling was recently unearthed in Bristol. Conn. A clerk employed in a wholesale house there had a bale of hay consigned to him, sent from Nova Scotia. On examining the bale a roll of expensive broadcloth was found in the center of it.

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ing overpopulated they assert that the en-tire population of the United States could live comfortably in the State of Texas. When Zerah Colburn, the Vermont mathematical "prodigy," visited Harvard College he told in four seconds the exact number of seconds in eleven years and answered other

similar questions with equal facility. He could no more tell how he did it than a hild in singing can tell the laws of mel-Russia takes drastic measures with labor troubles. An English mill director was mur-

dered by the mill hands recently at Ivan-ovno, in the government of Vladimir. His severity so enraged them that they tore his body limb from limb. Twenty of the ring-leaders will be hanged or shot to prevent the repetiton of such scenes in the future. A Russian swindler at Saratov has just been sent to jail for persuading the peasants to buy tickets to the planet Jupiter. He induced them to sell their property in order to emigrate there, promising them free land and little work. In packing up they left the images of the saints behind, as they expected to meet them face to face in the planet.

to build an elevated bicycle track between Chicago and Milwaukee. The plan contemplates an elevation of sixteen feet and a toll of ten cents, for the entire length of the road. Such an elevation in a prairie country would probably give a dead-level track for the whole distance and practically throw off the speed limit. It is said that of the 146 inhabitants of the little town of Chilmark, on the Island of Mariha's Vineyard, thirty-six, or almost one-quarter, are congenitally deaf and dumb. The town records show that two of the original settlers of the place, as far back as the seventeenth century, were deaf and dumb, and the infirmity has thus been transmitted to our own day.

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